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HISTORIC LANDMARKS OF THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY

BEAUTY AND HISTORY IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF WASHINGTON, STONEWALL JACKSON AND ROBERT E. LEE

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MADE IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY

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A FOREWORD

The Lower Shenandoah Valley was explored and surveyed by George Washington, and there, with old Winchester as headquarters, he fought back the French and Indians after the defeat of General Braddock at Fort Duquesne in 1755. The Upper Valley was early the home of John Lewis, his celebrated sons, and their sturdy kindred of the clans; later, of Matthew Fontaine Maury and Robert E. Lee. The whole Valley, from end to end and from mountain to mountain, was the stirring theatre of tragedy and valor in which Daniel Morgan and Stonewall Jackson, those thunderbolts of war, one in the Revolution, the other in the struggle between the States, played with

consummate skill and deadly fervor. On the stage as actors with them were martial legions—Sons of the Valley; watching and wondering, a breathless audience, were the nations of the world.

To tell the story of it all—and yet the half has not been told—John Esten Cooke and Mary Johnston have wrought in vibrant prose; Philip Pendleton Cooke, Daniel Bedinger Lucas, Margaret Junkin Preston, and Sidney Lanier have sung in potent verse; painters have given life to colors and sculptors have loosened tongues in stone; and Nature, as a mother in guarding love, has heaped up the mountains, tinted the skies, replenished the waters, and lit the stars with glory.

"As the stars and the angels stopped singing to look and to listen, they saw a great rock in the mountain wall split in twain and fall asunder, and through the deep opening the waters of the lake began to pour out and to rush towards the sea."

Harper's Ferry, standing at one of Nature's great gates to the Shenandoah Valley, is remarkable in its history, charming in its reminders of Old-World strongholds, and wonderful in its geography and geology. Situated on the rocky headland that wedges down between the Shenandoah and the Potomac at their confluence, it is both strategic and picturesque. The old rock walls clinging against the steep hillsides and rising tier above tier make one think of ancient towns and towers far across the sea.

"To pass there is but scanty room,
Where foaming waters splash and boom."

Tablets in conspicuous positions tell of the capture of Harper's Ferry by Stonewall Jackson in September, 1862, just in time to enable him to lead his veterans across the

Three states here almost join hands. Within a stone's cast Virginia, West Virginia, and Maryland share in the glory of the mountains and the music of the waters. Loudoun Heights, Bolivar Heights, and Maryland Heights crown the scene with majesty and history.

Passing down Washington Street, one leaves Jefferson's Rock far up to the right and comes into the ravine at the rivers near the site of John Brown's Fort. There the auto highways and the railways converge and leap the rivers at their confluence.

Potomac to the bloody hills of Sharpsburg and Antietam.

It seems probable that the Shenandoah Valley was once a lake which burst its rock walls at Harper's Ferry.



LOOKING DOWN WASHINGTON STREET, HARPER'S FERRY

"Yes, they called him 'Crazy Rumsey,'
And they thought that he was dead,
But his dreams are floating cities,
And we follow where he led."

A hundred feet above the level of the Potomac, at Shepherdstown, W. Va., stands the tall shaft that tells the world of James Rumsey, one of the early makers of steamboats. In December, 1787, he ran his wonderful little boat against the current of the river, around the picturesque Horseshoe Bend, while admiring multitudes scrambled along the rugged shores in breathless eagerness.

This was twenty years before Robert Fulton's **Clermont** ran on the Hudson. To both of these men poverty and incredulity were millstones for many years; to one of them Fate at last was kind, but to the other the years brought only disappointment to darken the face of promise. More than once

in America and in Europe his dreams seemed on the point of coming true, but death interposed and cut short his work. He died in London in 1792.

In 1839 the legislature of Kentucky presented a gold medal to Rumsey's son in token of its appreciation of the inventor's services; and within recent years this towering shaft has been raised to his memory on the banks of the Potomac, where, in the meager years of long ago, the dreamer paced back and forth, while a great vision was striving in his soul for birth.

In the library of Shepherd College, at Shepherdstown, is a fine collection of books and other sources of information regarding Rumsey and his work.



RUMSEY MONUMENT, SHEPHERDSTOWN, W. VA.

"For Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Mad as he was, knew texts enough to wear a parson's gown."

In 1859 and 1922, as well as at other times, this old brick court house at Charles Town, Jefferson County, West Virginia, has been the theatre of stirring scenes. When John Brown was tried therein the country was stirred from end to end; and when recently the mine men of the western regions of the state were on trial in the same old building the interest of the country at large was hardly less intense.

Charles Town, named, it is said, in honor of Charles Washington, is the prosperous center of a rich and beautiful farming district. The charm of the landscape is enhanced by song and story. For generations

the region has been historic. Different members of the Washington family have been residents of the community; Horatio Gates and Charles Lee were nearby neighbors; the Darkes and the Bedingers lived not far away. At Harewood, only a mile or two outside the town, Dolly Payne Todd became the wife of James Madison.

Moreover, Charles Town and the district thereabouts has not lacked sons and daughters to chant its praises. The gift of song seems native to the soil. 'Tis a land to inspire dreaming. Poets, writers of history, soldiers, and jurists have given it charm and distinction. To paraphrase one of them,

"They've swept across the field of Mars
And bowed to fame amid the stars."

St. Hilda's Hall, a high class school for girls, is one of the cultural attractions of

Charles Town. The B. & O. and the N. & W. railways make the town easily accessible.



OLD COURT HOUSE, CHARLES TOWN, W. VA.

"A softer glow on hill and stream—
Within my soul a hush:
A breath, a whisper, and a dream."

White Post and Greenway Court, in the southwest corner of Clark County, are names to conjure with. For generations they have been known in song and story. In the days when the wilderness wanderer needed the sign on the white post to find his way to Greenway Court, that far retreat may have been a Lethe for disappointed love. Soon it became the open door to fame for the young surveyor from Tidewater. Shortly thereafter Braddock and his ill-fated veterans rejoiced for a brief season in its hospitality.

Almost the only structure that remains at Greenway Court today to recall to us the

times of Washington is the ancient stone "Office." In this building it is probable that the young surveyor and his employer, Lord Fairfax, would confer with the land-buyers of colonial days. There the maps and the surveying instruments were presumably kept. And it bids fair to stand another century or two as a reminder of fruitful, though strenuous, years.

In October, 1853, Washington Irving paid a visit to Greenway Court and wrote about it in his charming style. More than one novelist and poet has found here rich traditions of the past.



WASHINGTON OFFICE AT GREENWAY COURT

"Sunlight glints among the shadows,
Youth and beauty tune their lays,
Whispers of a sweet enchantment
Wake again heroic days."

Shortly after the defeat of General Braddock's army near Fort Duquesne in 1755, George Washington, charged with the defence of the Virginia frontier, directed the construction at Winchester of an elaborate stronghold which was named Fort Loudoun. During the period when the fort was building the young commander had his headquarters in the old stone cabin now pointed out to visitors at the corner of Braddock Street and Cork.

On the hill, as shown in the picture opposite, remains of old Fort Loudoun may still be plainly seen. The high embankment, to the reader's right, is a portion of the wall or terrace of the fortress. Farther up on the

hill is the well of the fort, blasted down through solid rock.

The hill is crowned today with an institution of learning, Fort Loudoun Seminary, in which the fine traditions of Virginia's past are well preserved in vital allegiance with her growing present. A visit to Fort Loudoun gives one an experience that is altogether charming, whether he is on the trail of the historic years or whether he is chiefly mindful of a gracious hospitality.

Not far from Fort Loudoun are Stonewall Jackson's headquarters, the Handley Library, Sheridan's headquarters, the Friends' meeting house, and other places of interest.



DAUGHTERS OF VIRGINIA AT OLD FORT LOUDOUN, WINCHESTER

“Who that once sees the glories of these hills,
Sun-kissed or wrapped in cloud, and does not raise
His eyes in adoration, and from out
Full heart pour forth a silent song of praise?”

The Massanutten is a mountain of infinite variety. From either side—from either Shenandoah County or Page County—its fifty miles of length appear to the eye almost as a single range or ridge. From east or west in Rockingham the southwest end of the range seems to drop off like some giant had shorn it with his battleaxe. From the summit of the same promontory one looks down deep into a huge basin known as “The Kettle.”

At the northeast end, at Strasburg, one sees again only a single range, shorn down suddenly and abruptly. From Front Royal and Riverton, on the east side, the appearance of the mountain end is somewhat similar, but one there gets a suggestion of a double or a triple range. And halfway between Front Royal and Strasburg, in the vicinity of Middletown and Cedar Creek battlefield, one

sees clearly the bold outlines of three mountains, side by side: rather of two, side by side, enclosing the historic “Fort,” and the third standing guard in the iron gate.

When one approaches nearer to the mountain from Middletown, and reaches the vicinity of Water Lick, on the Southern Railway, the triple peaks rise up boldly before him. The “Three Sisters” are veritably three giants, grim, silent, and rugged, but at the same time beautiful and hospitable.

Their cool shades and Arcadian dells invite one to quiet and to dreams. One enters to stay for a summer’s afternoon, and goes reluctantly out at dusk wishing to command the years.

For additional facts concerning this region, so rich in natural and human interest, see Wayland’s **Scenic and Historical Guide to the Shenandoah Valley**, pages 61 and 62.



ROAD TO POWELL'S FORT, NEAR WATER LICK
THE "THREE SISTERS"

"Boughs and branches interlacing,
By the winds are tuned a lyre;
Minor strains awake the silence
In the ruined path of fire."

Where the Valley Pike crosses Cedar Creek, midway between Strasburg and Middletown, stands one of the best known landmarks of the whole Valley. The massive ruined walls of the old Stickley mill for sixty years have been a mute but eloquent witness of the "Burning" that devastated the Valley from Staunton to Winchester in October, 1864. It was near this point that Sheridan's army was thrown into confusion by the early morning surprise attack two weeks later in that same October—the fiery prelude to the celebrated battle of Cedar Creek.

In the half century and more that has passed since the "Burning" tall trees have grown up where the mill wheels turned in

the long ago; but the dismantled walls stand as firmly as of yore and give promise of romance and picturesque beauty to generations yet unborn.

Cedar Creek, where the Pike crosses, presents scenes of wild beauty that can hardly be surpassed. In the summer, when the branches of the trees, heavy with green leaves, form sun-pierced arches across the stream, or in the autumn when the tints of gold and purple seem to glint upon the waters, the pausing traveler may find delight for an hour or a day. At many places along its tortuous course from the Alleghanies on the west to the sparkling Shenandoah, Cedar Creek is bordered with idyllic and arcadian beauty.



A RELIC OF "THE BURNING"—STICKLEY MILL, CEDAR CREEK

"A village sheltered from the storms
Lies smiling in the sun;
The mountains stand as sentinels,
While years unceasing run."

Half way up the gentle slopes of Chester Gap, crossing the Blue Ridge from Front Royal, one passes the U. S. Government Remount Station. The automobile highway winds up the hollow, near the busy little stream of water, through the midst of the extensive tracts of land belonging to the Station; and the buildings are in plain sight from the road. Two wide entrances make access easy and inviting.

Here in this Alpine landscape is a center of metropolitan activity. Architectural skill and scientific equipment carry out the suggestions of a bountiful and provident Nature. Hundreds of excellent horses, some in the comfortable stables, others on the spacious

hillside pastures, attract the visitor's interest and admiration.

The highway through Chester Gap leads to Culpeper, Warrenton, and other towns of eastern Virginia. Just across the summit of the mountain are the beautiful landscapes and hospitable homesteads of Rappahannock. Flint Hill, Washington, Sperryville, and other towns in this region are easily accessible.

The Chester Gap route is one of the easiest grades across the Blue Ridge, and at the same time one of the most attractive scenically. In the summer of 1863 General Lee's army crossed into the Valley by Chester Gap, on its way northward into Maryland and Pennsylvania.



U. S. GOVERNMENT REMOUNT STATION, CHESTER GAP, BLUE RIDGE

“If the Valley had a voice would it speak?
Would it tell of Boone and Jackson? Would it seek
Out its own unending glory—
All the matchless epic story—
If the Valley had a voice?”

At more than one place in the Shenandoah Valley the voices of history—of romance, of tragedy, of sentiment—seem ready to break out of the silences with a story of thrilling interest.

Fisher's Hill, in Shenandoah County, is one of the places long celebrated. One of the noted landmarks of the Valley, its rugged outlines on the landscape are enhanced by the associations of the years. From the days of earliest settlement it has been known by all who have followed the “Long Gray Trail” in either direction. In the days of the Civil War it was a strategic position eagerly sought for by the contending armies. More than one bloody encounter gave stirring echoes to the woodland heights.

Since the days of automobiles on the Valley Pike, more fatal accidents have occurred at Fisher's Hill than at any other place in the whole range of the Valley. The narrow bridge spanning Tumbling Run at the foot of the hill was more than once the scene of tragedy.

Within the last year or two a new road, open to the sunshine, has been cut around the southeast side of the hill, and dangers have been much reduced. A wide concrete bridge on a straight slope has taken the place of the narrow bridge at the fatal curve.

The annual picnic at Fisher's Hill, in which the deeds of the “Boys who wore the Gray” are revived and celebrated, is one of the Valley's outstanding social occasions.



THE NEW ROAD UP FISHER'S HILL

“And there was tumult in the air,
The fife’s shrill note, the drum’s loud beat.”

The limestone court house at Woodstock, Shenandoah County, is one of the most familiar landmarks in the Valley. Built in 1791, while Washington was President, it is by far the oldest court house in the Valley, and it has witnessed scenes of historic interest in many generations.

Near this spot in 1776 Muhlenberg, priest and warrior, marshalled the men of his congregation for service in the Revolution. In the War of 1812 and in the Mexican War the court house green was a rallying place for armed men. During the Civil War the tides of march and battle surged around

these self-same walls. The Valley Pike, which passes just in front of the old building, was “Stonewall Jackson’s Way”; and it was at this very spot, according to tradition, that Jackson made Turner Ashby, “The Knight of the Valley,” a brigadier-general, following one of his chivalrous exploits, which was performed only a short distance away.

The County was first established in 1772, and named “Dunmore,” in honor of the royal governor; but in 1777 the name was changed to “Shenandoah,” the beautiful Indian name which it has borne ever since.



OLD LIMESTONE COURT HOUSE AT WOODSTOCK

"Hard by the highway, hard by the town,
Firm on the hillcrest, looking down,
Towers of learning, towers of grace,
Stand four-square to the morning's face."

Massanutten Military Academy stands beside the Valley Turnpike just at the southwest border of historic old Woodstock. The buildings are familiar landmarks to all who travel the "Long Gray Trail."

The Academy had its beginning in the old house that was formerly the home of U. S. Senator H. H. Riddleberger. This old building, constructed in the hospitable style of ante-bellum days, is still a part of the school group, and may be seen plainly from the road, being only a few rods distant, on the west side of the street.

In Indian days the settlers had a fort at Woodstock, and many tragic incidents marked the converging paths of flight when the messengers of alarm hurried through the Valley. Narrow Passage, three miles southwest of the Academy, was the scene of more than one desperate struggle in those pioneer days.

The little church in which young Pastor Muhlenberg preached his farewell sermon, and from which he issued his clarion call to arms, stood on the east side of the Pike, almost opposite the site of the old stone court house.

"Within its shades of elm and oak
The church of Berkeley Manor stood;
There Sunday found the rural folk,
And some esteemed of gentle blood."



MASSANUTTEN MILITARY ACADEMY, WOODSTOCK—OLD RIDDLEBERGER HOME

"He guards day and night our green valley;
For Nature who made it so fair,
Grew alarmed for her beautiful treasure,
And placed him as sentinel there."

Rising out of the plain with the abruptness and almost the very outlines of Gibraltar, the southwest end of Massanutten Mountain cuts the skyline of East Rockingham with boldness and majesty. It is a conspicuous and beautiful landmark in a circle of many miles, and the view from its craggy summit reminds one of that from Lookout Mountain at Chattanooga.

"Peaked Mountain," as it is called locally, was doubtless a famous altar of Indian fires in prehistoric days. During the Civil War it served as a signal station to Blue and Gray. Almost opposite, in the Blue Ridge,

is Swift Run Gap where Spotswood and the Knights of the Horseshoe came over in 1716. Nearby is the summer resort where Sidney Lanier wrote his **Science of English Verse** in 1879; and in the plains below are the battlefields of Harrisonburg, Cross Keys, and Port Republic.

Near Swift Run Gap, in the Blue Ridge, is the beautiful Cedar Cliff waterfall. In the spring of the year, when the snows of the mountain-tops flush the streams, the fall can often be seen from many points in the Valley, as it describes a graceful arc in the sunlight.



"PEAKED MOUNTAIN," FROM EAST ROCKINGHAM

"Adown sweet Linville's vale today
Careless I wandered on my way,
Forgetful of the past."

In or before the year 1768 John Lincoln came from Pennsylvania into the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia and purchased a large tract of land on Linville Creek. There he and his posterity established themselves in thrift and prosperity.

In or about the year 1800 his son, Captain Jacob Lincoln, a soldier of the Revolution, erected at the old homestead the spacious brick house shown in the picture opposite. A number of years earlier, Captain Abraham Lincoln, oldest son of "Virginia John," had gone from this place to Kentucky. He was the grandfather of Abraham, the President.

John, Abraham, and Jacob have been favorite names with the Lincolns for many

generations. In Rockingham County today, where the Lincolns are still numerous, the names are familiar. Abraham, a son of Captain Jacob, added an extensive "L" to the ancestral dwelling, but it does not at all appear in the photograph.

Near the Lincolns on Linville Creek lived the Bryans. It was one of the Bryan girls that young Daniel Boone married shortly after his sojourn in this part of the Shenandoah Valley. The old road across the Valley, from Brock's Gap to Port Republic, by which General Washington passed in 1784, crosses Linville Creek only a short distance from the old Lincoln homestead.



OLD LINCOLN HOMESTEAD, NEAR HARRISONBURG

"Fair on yon mountain gleams the light of morning skies,
Firm on yon hillcrest blue stone towers rise."

Every one who passes along the Valley Turnpike admires the group of massive buildings at the southwest border of Harrisonburg, which comprises the dormitories, lecture halls, and service plants of the State Teachers College. Constructed of the native blue limestone, these buildings give an impression of fitness, order, and quiet strength.

The institution was first opened to students in the fall of 1909. During the regular sessions from September to June women only have been admitted as students, but during the summer quarters men also have been enrolled. In 1924 the state legislature passed an act changing the name from "normal school" to "teachers college," and steps were at once undertaken to enlarge and enrich the various courses of instruction, correspondingly.

The names of the buildings at "Blue-Stone Hill," as the school is affectionately called by its alumnæ, have been chosen mainly in honor of great Virginians who have been closely identified with the Shenandoah Valley. "Spotswood Hall," "Ashby Hall," "Jackson Hall," "Maury Hall," and "Harrison Hall" are illustrations in point. The last named commemorates Gessner Harrison, a native son of Harrisonburg.

"Cleveland Cottage" honors the memory of Miss Annie Cleveland, one of the first teachers, whose life was a benediction and whose death in 1916 was an irreparable loss.

Sheldon Hall and Carter Hall bear the names of American leaders in the training of teachers. Alumnæ Hall is a monument to the devotion and loyalty of the daughters of the institution.



SOUTH RANGE, STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE, HARRISONBURG

"Co-operation and courtesy are the open doors to opportunity; they combine the charm of the past, the energy of the present, and the promise of the future."

The people of the Shenandoah Valley are a composite of fine race elements: The sturdy Scotch-Irish, the thrifty Germans, the liberty-loving Swiss, the liberty-building English, the gallant French, and the frugal, persistent Dutch. They embody many religious creeds, and their prosperity is proverbial. Optimism and success are taken as matters of course.

The good will and co-operative spirit of the dozen or more great counties of the Shenandoah Valley, in Virginia and West Virginia, are in nothing better shown than in the provisions they have made to give information and assistance to all who come among them, either for pleasure or for business. A great organization has been formed and it has been incorporated under the laws of the State to be of material aid in social,

educational, agricultural, and industrial enterprise.

The Shenandoah Valley, Inc., has headquarters offices in the historic old Neff home in Harrisonburg. Guests are always welcome, and information about the Valley and its resources is cheerfully given.

The house shown in the picture opposite was for many years the home of Dr. John H. Neff, a distinguished and beloved physician of Harrisonburg. He was a cousin to Colonel John Francis Neff, the youngest regimental commander of the famous Stonewall Brigade. His brother, Captain Jacob G. Neff of Mt. Jackson, another gallant Confederate, was for years president of the Valley Turnpike Company. The ancestral Neffs came, it is said, from Switzerland.



THE NEFF HOUSE, HARRISONBURG

“Here Shenandoah brawls along,
There burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,
To swell the brigade’s rousing song
Of Stonewall Jackson’s way.”

On June 9, 1862, Stonewall Jackson met the Federal general, James Shields, on the Shenandoah River flats and in the foothills of the Blue Ridge, two miles below the village of Port Republic, Rockingham County, Virginia, and after a hard-fought battle drove him back down the Valley.

This battle was the bloody climax to the spectacular “Valley Campaign,” in which Jackson’s “foot cavalry” won imperishable renown.

The picture on the opposite page was taken from the battlefield foothills of the Blue Ridge and looks across the river plain to the “Peaked Mountain” (Massanutten),

distant about six miles. The course of the river is shown by the dark line of trees that runs across the center of the view from left to right.

The mountains in the distance at the left are the first ranges of the Alleghanies.

The battlefield of Cross Keys, which was baptized in blood on the preceding day (June 8, 1862), lies slightly to the left, beyond the river.

Three days before the battle of Port Republic, General Turner Ashby, Jackson’s intrepid cavalry leader, was killed near Harrisonburg, eleven miles north of Port Republic.



PORT REPUBLIC BATTLEFIELD, LOOKING TOWARD "PEAKED MOUNTAIN"

"Builled in stone, the eye may see it;
Builled in memories, the pen hath recorded it;
Builled in life, the years shall enlarge it."

Nowhere along the whole length of the Valley Pike is a landmark more familiar or more cherished than Augusta Stone Church, at Fort Defiance. Indeed, it is quite probable that this selfsame church was the original "fort"; for it was constructed in pioneer days, and for many years the worshipers carried their rifles to its altars and the people of the neighborhood fled to it as a stronghold in times of alarm.

On January 22, 1749, it is said, this old church was first dedicated. On January 22, 1922, it was rededicated, with the various extensions and modifications of the structure

that the visitor now may see. The native limestone serves its purpose well, both for strength and for beauty. The ancient oaks that surround the building are a fitting accompaniment. The families of the community are, in many cases, the descendants of the original founders.

The cemetery near the Old Stone Church is full of interest to the antiquarian. It is one of the best kept country graveyards to be found anywhere.

A quarter of a mile up the Pike from the church is the historic "Willow Spout." For many generations it has been a well known landmark to resident and to traveler.



OLD AUGUSTA STONE CHURCH, FORT DEFIANCE

"Out of the Valley they send us men,
Fit for the cry of the living need;
Strong with the purpose to bring again
A clearer vision and nobler deed."

In the city of Staunton, at the corner of Coalter Street and Frederick, stands the brick house in which on December 28, 1856, was born Woodrow Wilson. His father, Rev. Joseph R. Wilson, was a Presbyterian pastor, and the house is still the Manse of the First Presbyterian Church. A tablet informs the passer-by of its unique distinction.

On the occasion of Wilson's "home-coming," on his birthday following his election as President in 1912, he slept in this house, in the same room in which he had been born fifty-six years before.

Not far away is Mary Baldwin Seminary, the well known women's college, where many cherished associations of the Wilsons are lovingly preserved.

Wilson came of the sturdy Scotch-Irish stock with which Augusta County and adjacent regions were peopled in the days when it took men (and women too) to lay the foundations of a world power in the wilderness. In 1732 old John Lewis and his sons led the clans into the shadows of Betsy Bell and Mary Gray, and there they began to build, slowly, painfully, but surely, and better than they knew.

Staunton is at the gateways to the West. Here roads and railroads cross, and whether one wishes to go south to Lexington and Roanoke, north to Harrisonburg and Winchester, east to Charlottesville and Richmond, or west to Monterey, Warm Springs, Hot Springs, or Clifton Forge, Staunton holds the key and points the way.



BIRTHPLACE OF WOODROW WILSON, STAUNTON

"When winds of dawn on the Virginia hills
Move whispering through the trees, and from the dark
Are born the flowers of the morning, pure,
Seems all my soul to hush and grow aware
Of a Presence half-expected there."

Washington and Lee University, at Lexington, Virginia, is beautiful for situation and historic association. Endowed by George Washington with name and wealth, re-endowed by Robert E. Lee with name and wealth—wealth of tradition and influence, if not wealth material—it has become established in the minds and hearts of men far and near. Fortunate in its faculties and in its alumni, it has gone forward from strength to strength.

On the same commanding hill, gate to gate and face to face, Washington and Lee University and Virginia Military Institute are both eminent in the fields of learning and achievement. Illuminated with the memo-

ries of Robert Lee, Custis Lee, Washington, Stonewall Jackson, Matthew Fontaine Maury, and William Lyne Wilson, they shine with perennial splendor.

In the picture opposite may be seen the well known landmark familiarly called "House Mountain." It towers out of the hills about five miles west of Lexington, and is cherished in the thought and memory of every loyal son of Rockbridge County.

The great Natural Bridge, from which the county takes its name, is fourteen miles southwest of Lexington, the county-seat. In the town cemetery may be found the graves of General Pendleton, Lee's chief of artillery, and Margaret Junkin Preston, one of the greater Southern poets.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF W. AND L. AND HOUSE MOUNTAIN

“As there I stand, I feel His presence pass
And brush my cheek with the eloquence of love
That does not need to speak.”

To Thomas Jefferson a possession, to George Washington a challenge, to James Piper an inspiration, to all the world a wonder, the Natural Bridge is one of Nature's great masterpieces, a miracle in stone.

Spanning a deep canon through which a brook winds its tortuous way, the crown of the massive arch leaps the chasm 200 feet above the stream. The span of the arch is fifty to sixty feet, and the thickness of the crown is about forty feet. By means of this bridge a highway crosses the canon, and so well is the wonder concealed by rocks and

trees that a hundred strangers might pass over in a summer's day without ever dreaming of the marvel beneath their feet.

It supplies a fitting name for the surrounding county—Rockbridge—and is only fourteen miles south of historic Lexington, the county-seat.

From Rockbridge County many sons have gone out to fame, among them Sam Houston, “Big-Foot” Wallace, and Cyrus Hall McCormick.

Spacious hotels at Natural Bridge provide entertainment for guests and visitors.



THE NATURAL BRIDGE, NEAR LEXINGTON

"For knowledge and for play,
To spend a summer's day,
We'll hie with ready will
To the haunts of Gypsy Hill."

Just at the northwest border of the city of Staunton, on the Churchville Road, one comes to the attractive entrance of Gypsy Hill Park. The ample gates invite the summer throngs to recreation and pleasure, and all the year round the park is a place of interest and instruction. Trees, plants, animals, and landscape combine to teach and to delight. Various provisions are made for the entertainment and amusement of young and old.

As one mounts to the higher elevations of Gypsy Hill he can look across the city towards the southeast and see the wooded sides and summits of the twin hills, Betsy Bell and Mary Gray, named, it is said, from two famous hills in County Tyrone, Ireland, where the Augusta pioneers had sojourned before coming to the New World.

Staunton is replete with history and is

surrounded on all sides with historic scenes. John Lewis and his sons, who settled in the vicinity in 1732, with their descendants and their friends, played a conspicuous part in the early dramas of America. Here the frontiersmen rallied for the campaign in Dunmore's War against the Shawnees. Here the legislature of Virginia assembled after Tarleton had routed them from Charlottesville towards the end of the Revolution. Here Stonewall Jackson paused unexpectedly in one of his stages of rapid advance upon the Boys in Blue at McDowell in 1862; and here the great American and world statesman, Woodrow Wilson, was born in 1856.

Waddell's **Annals of Augusta** and John Lewis Peyton's **History of Augusta County** are thrilling narratives of great events and great men.



ENTRANCE TO GYPSY HILL PARK, STAUNTON

"Looking towards the morning and the hills of dawn,
Trees and towers cluster on the sacred lawn,
And amid the voices raised in song and prayer,
Move the valiant spirits shrined in memories fair."

One of the historic buildings of historic Staunton is old Trinity Church, the spacious grounds of which were originally deeded to John Madison, father of Bishop James Madison, for six pounds.

In June, 1781, the legislature of Virginia, with Governor Thomas Jefferson, having been chased out of Charlottesville by the British under Tarleton, crossed the Blue Ridge and met at Staunton in Trinity Church. There an important session of about three weeks was held. Patrick Henry and Daniel Boone were among the members of the Assembly at this time. Their

names, with those of their colleagues, may be read today on the tablet just inside the church yard gate.

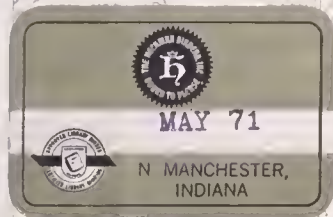
The present beautiful church building, the third upon the site, dates from 1850. The first structure, in which the Revolutionary Assembly met, was a brick building 25 by 40 feet, and stood on the spot occupied by the tower of the present church.

The appointments of the parish house and other auxiliary structures on the church lawn are most convenient and complete. The whole arrangement embodies a happy combination of the old and the new.



TRINITY CHURCH, STAUNTON, VA.





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